

If your reading this.



**You cannot kill us /
/ we're already dead**

Then I'm going to die ~ FagMob

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downandoutdistro.noblogs.org

Reformatted by Daughters of Carmilla Distro
carmilladistro.noblogs.org

This zine was inspired by various stories of loss.

From the deaths of queer people around us and those
not so close.

It is inspired by the knowledge that this world wants us
dead and the understanding that we already are.

But also by the countless queer fighters who choose
death on their own terms despite accepting its
inevitability.

If you're reading this we are going to die
but that doesn't scare us.

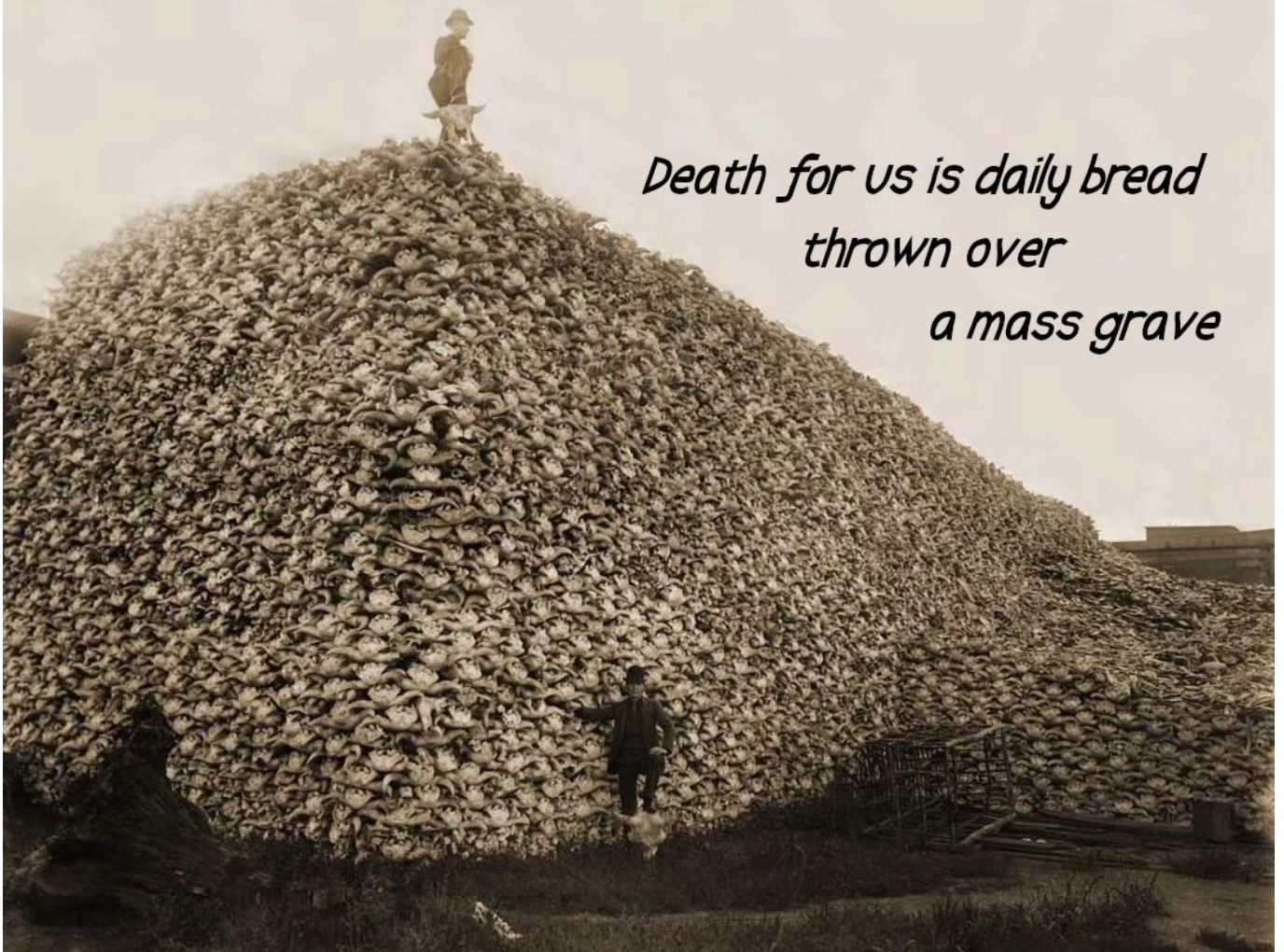
In fact we are waiting with sharpened knives to see how
many would be killers we can take down with us.

In the back of this zine is a tracklist with songs that are
connected to our themes, some of the tracks inspired our
writing and the whole list can be listened to alongside
specific pages or independently of the reading.

You are the ones afraid of dying, not me..

*For you, death is this Christian drama,
a heart attack in bed.*

*Death for us is daily bread
thrown over
a mass grave*



Marcos Camacho - There is a Third Thing

A.C.A.T
(Always Carry a Tool)/
How Can you Kill Me, I'm Suicidal/
I Will Bury This Knife so Deep, It'll Feel Like
We're Fisting.

Since the age of about 12 I've carried a weapon about my person: be that a carabiner clip full of keys which swiftly becomes a knuckle duster, a bicycle which weaponises my reflex of escape into a finely honed art form, a telescopic baton which needs no explanation, or a set of teeth and a reckless disregard for other peoples soft flesh.

It's not that I'm afraid of being hurt - I'm not - I've been hurt many times and frequently put myself in situations where I know I will be (it feels safe, comfortable, normal); and it's not really that I enjoy hurting others either (though I will confess I no longer feel guilt or indeed anything much at all when a would be catcaller is picking their teeth out of the gutter and I'm riding off home with blood on my hands).

I think, when it first started, it had something to do with an idea that I somehow had something to defend, something I could somehow save through my decision to walk the streets armed and ready; myself, my friends, my non 'survivor' status, my ideology. Such illusions have long since been disavowed, but carrying the weapons has not.

I'm a survivor of physical, sexual and emotional violence, long term friends of mine have died in the streets or in their own homes and nothing I could have done could ever have saved them, and as for ideas I pretty much gave up believing in anything.

I have nothing left to 'defend' because I have nothing left to lose that I haven't already lost.

I'm also not afraid to die (even though I don't want to), I've watched the life bleed out of people I thought I could save and read the obituaries of those I know I couldn't - I know lots of people will be sad when I die and I feel sadness at the thought of their pain, I don't wanna lose any more friends, but my own death seems a somehow undaunting, unspectacular inevitability.

I guess when I say death I should probably say murder - another dead tranny on the pile of corpses this world seems wholeheartedly set on producing. I doubt it'll be some spectacular street event with a baying mob and knives; it might be one of the countless men who aggress me in the streets, or some vengeful TERF whose had just enough of 'men' crowding uo her 'safe' space, maybe it'll be the slow death of prison or disease, or the quicker one of suicide whilst doing a life sentence for murder (if I'm lucky they might call it self defense, but lets be realistic).

Knowing all these things I still choose to carry a weapon. Knowing all these things I will never stop. Just because I know something is inevitable, just because I have nothing to lose, doesn't mean I've given up. I mean I've given up on living a full un-murder interrupted life, and on having anything to defend, but I will never, ever, give up on the idea that there are still reasons to attack. It's worth carrying on, worth fighting, worth staying armed just to see the look in the eyes of the one who snuffs you out when they realise you're not surprised.



"Sleep tight, little friend; as the wild flower blossometh it comes
to an end."

I'm a vengeful and preemptive little bitch - worth nothing, a mouse under the paw; but what if that mouse covered itself in slow acting poison and just lay there knowing that with every piece of flesh its killer takes, she brings herself one step closer to death.

Weapons then, be they the slow weapons (words, lawyers, prison breaks, suicide on a life sentence) to attack the slow murders, or the fast weapons (carabiners, batons, knives) to attack the fast ones, will always be a part of my life. Let's not pretend anyone can realistically stop these murders from happening indefinitely (because that would take a total decimation of the current social order, of civilization itself), but let's also not underestimate our potential to 'shoot first' [I don't Bash Back I Shoot First]. If the worst thing to be lost in all of this is a life (and that's already a sure promise of white

supremacist cishetero patriarchy/civilisation) then I may as well make sure that those who actually have SOMETHING to lose, pay for their decisions to fashion my subjectivity as killable.

And here we have it. The reason I carry weapons I know that my enemies fear death a thousand times more than I do (how could they not, they have always expected long fruitful lives and I never did), and I know that they don't expect there will ever be vengeance for the things they do in broad daylight against me and others like me with a smile on their face and impunity in their hearts. I know that the thought of 'armed trannies' on their streets and in their homes scares the fucking shit out of them, and I know that the sum total of their fear is the only real power I have.

Weapons then, multiply the efficacy of that power, level the playing field and give advantage where before there was none; a knife in the back in a darkened room, a stiletto in the eye at a club or bar, blood soaked teeth which issue forward 'touch me, and I'm going to fucking kill you' [rehashing of a text found in *Dangerous Spaces*].

If you can't understand the hostility, the brutality with which I speak, that's your problem; the right to communicate in ways other than these are a privilege of those who 'deserve' to live - having no such promise from this world, I have only two options: put on my best, prettiest, most appeasing visage, follow your rules, accept your norms, become a respectable worker, wife, woman and still die anyway or refuse it all, arm myself, live by my own desires and still die anyway. If the choice is between dying on my knees and dying on my feet - I'll choose dying on my feet - there's a scrap of dignity there, if only a small one.

And so...

When they look at me with those 'fuck me/kill me' eyes [More on the fuck me/kill me dichotomy read Lies II: 'A shout to Sissy Girls'], don't think I don't know; don't think I don't smile back hoping to lure them in, to let them have a go at doing what they know they've always wanted, and don't think for a moment that I won't try with everything I've got, to bring them down with me.

And when I see you on the corners of queer and feminist scenes: don't think I don't know you're talking about how violent I am, talking about how crazy I am, talking about how I 'go too far'. I know that even if you're not the murders, you are the ones who will rationalise it, make it comprehensible, palatable; it took us till now to realise women don't deserve to get raped (and lots of you aren't even there yet), so don't feel guilty - I don't expect you to understand that trans women don't deserve to die.

‘Marked’

Is it ever possible to live, when one has been marked to die? Marked since day one, since birth; marked for suffering, pain, assimilation or annihilation; marked only to live as long as we are useful and eradicated when we are not. Marked because of living as the gender we are and not the ones we were assigned, the colour of our skin, the people we choose to fuck, how much money we (don’t) have or our “lack of usefulness” in the workplace; sentenced to death as nourishment for empire, sustenance for the prison system, and as reminder to the privileged that they should carry on as normal.

AIDS is not a virus but a war; a war against queers, people of colour, sex workers and countless other unnamed groups, dying to “protect your nation” helps to make up the quota for dead bodies each year.

How can anyone have hope who has been sentenced to death, an eternal waiting room forever wondering; will a group of transphobes decide to “teach us a lesson” and go just a bit too far, will a cop get trigger happy and put a bullet in us, or will we fall from the back of a truck taking us to England? Failure to stay alert, dropping our guard for just a second becomes the same as standing in front of the firing squad - we’re just waiting for our number to be called.

But does knowing this make us any safer? A young calf is always going to be a hamburger whether it knows it or not. Only by escaping the farm can death be avoided; we don’t need a bigger field or tastier, greener grass, we need to bomb the fucking abattoir.

It seems we have two choices; open up to the idea that living itself might be resistance that survival at all and any cost might be the only and greatest possibility open to us, to fight tooth and nail, dragged kicking and screaming into the abattoir - to wholeheartedly live right up until the moment that we die.

Or in knowing our murder is inevitable, in knowing that we will be killed someday, might we choose to set them terms of our own annihilation, that they might serve as a rupture in the fabric of empire; to follow in the footsteps of Mary Doyle, Bobby Sands, and the countless YPJ/YPG and Tamil fighters whose choice to set the timing of their murders serves as testament that death becomes as much a form of resistance as life.

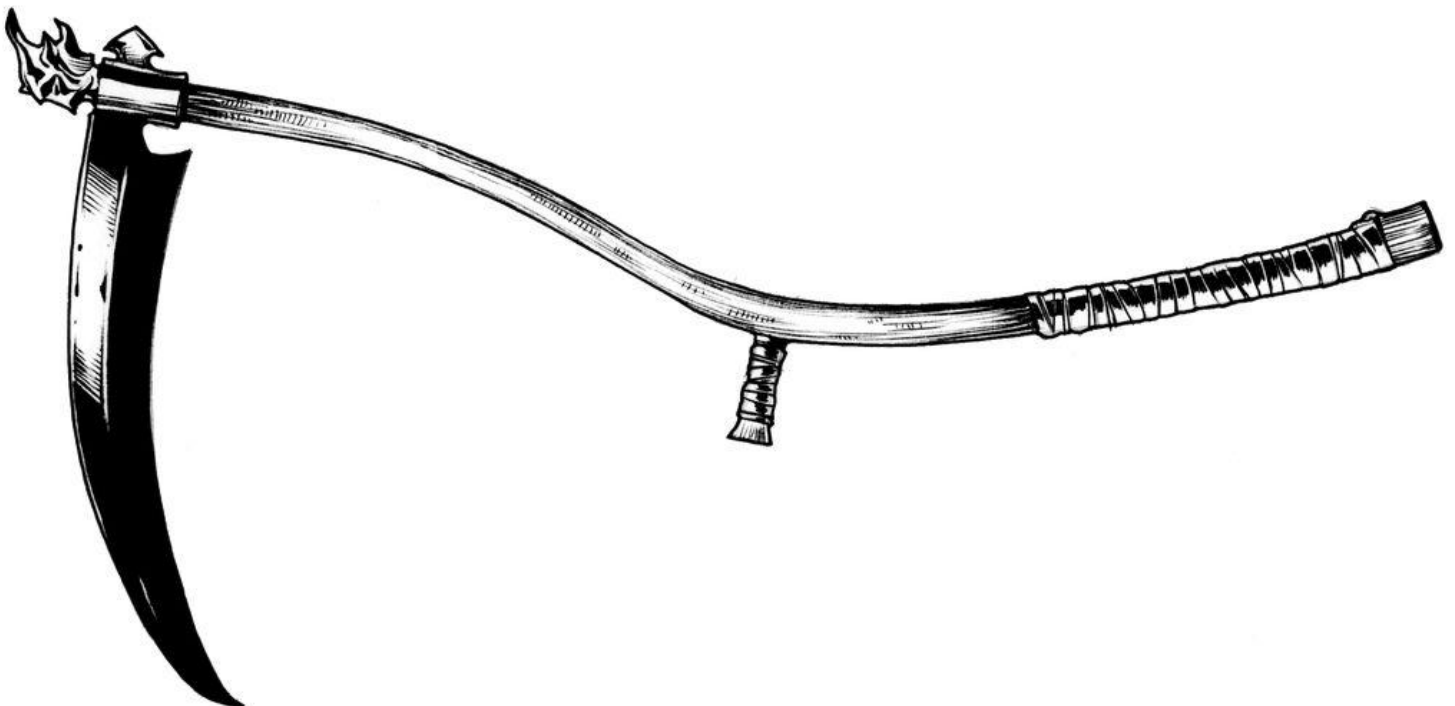
We find the merest of wiggle room in which to wage a war of survival.

Death on our terms, murder when we choose it, survival when we don't; resisting all attempts to make our bodies profitable in terms of physical (while we live) or propaganda (when we die) usage by empire.

In death, we find our only chance at life.

You cannot drag us to the gallows, but we will send a suicide bomber to destroy them.

/Stolen from: Contradiction, Complicity, Exit/



R.J.P
(Riot, Insurgency, Polemic)

I decided to write this, to make sure that everyone knows what I want to happen if I am murdered. To make sure that no one can hijack proceedings and that the liberal voices who might hope to contain any furious destitution will be drowned out by eerie words sent forward and backward in time from the grave. If anyone asks you ‘what the fuck are you doing?’ you can tell them: ‘A dead lesbian said it was OK!’. So here it is, the list of things I want to be sent forth with into whatever oblivion awaits me (one can only hope it will be slightly less cruel than the oblivion we leave behind).

1. *Candle lit vigil*: I want a trail of flaming cars, trash cans and mailboxes, with a motley parade of torch bearing queers (trans dykes to the front), I want that the flames never go out. As was the case in the murder of Channel [A letter to the Editors by Mary Nardini Gang] (a black trans woman murdered in her neighbourhood by a john) for added points someone can throw the torches through the windows of my murderer’s home(s), or for extra measure, the local police station.

2. *The Death Shroud*: At my funeral, wrap me in black cloth and present me to my friends; afterwards remove this cloth and cut it into as many black masks as it will make (as was done after the death of Feral who died in a fire at a queer warehouse party in Oakland). Hand them out, at whichever demonstration comes first after my funeral, so I can riot alongside you one last time.

3. No heroes, No Martyrs: In my living life, I always wore a mask, to protect my identity, to be just another combatant in the crowd; in the dying world show me the same respect. No photos of my face on posters, no iconisation of me as a person. Treat me as another dead lesbian, with all the fury and politics that implies; but don't treat me as ME. at the same time; revenge covens (such as The Feral Pines Revenge Coven which carried out a number of sabotages in late 2016) and other loose formations, which take my death as a spark are thoroughly welcomed (wherever my decomposing molecules settle they'll be reading the communiques).

4. Polemic: Share this text, let people know what the game is, write your own citing this event in context. Let the words of insurgents ring out loud and clear and let the liberals running around desperately calling for peace hit a wall of sound which screams “when they take a tooth, we take the whole fucking jaw”.

5. Friendship: What makes this world even minutely bearable for queer people is the secret, underground webs of love, affinity, and closeness we share; and the care we take of one another against all this shit that wants us gone. These friendships might be all we have so look after my friends, they're gonna be hurting pretty fucking bad, and look after yours too because the axe falls on all of us eventually.

6. Never Forgive. Never Forget: As they say in my hometown “revenge is a dish best served icy”. Bide your time, and do what you can to avenge me and all the others like me in the moment when everyone expects it least. Know my molecules will be searching out your bullets in the hope of lending them speed.

<3 with love, Jane Doe <3



‘Shadows’

The things we do in the shadows, have no relation to the people we are under your spotlights.

>

For brief moments the masks you gave us: good woman, girlfriend, respectable citizen fade into nothing, identities dissolve into simple mechanical actions.

>

If even we can't imagine it's 'us' up there - then how the fuck can you?

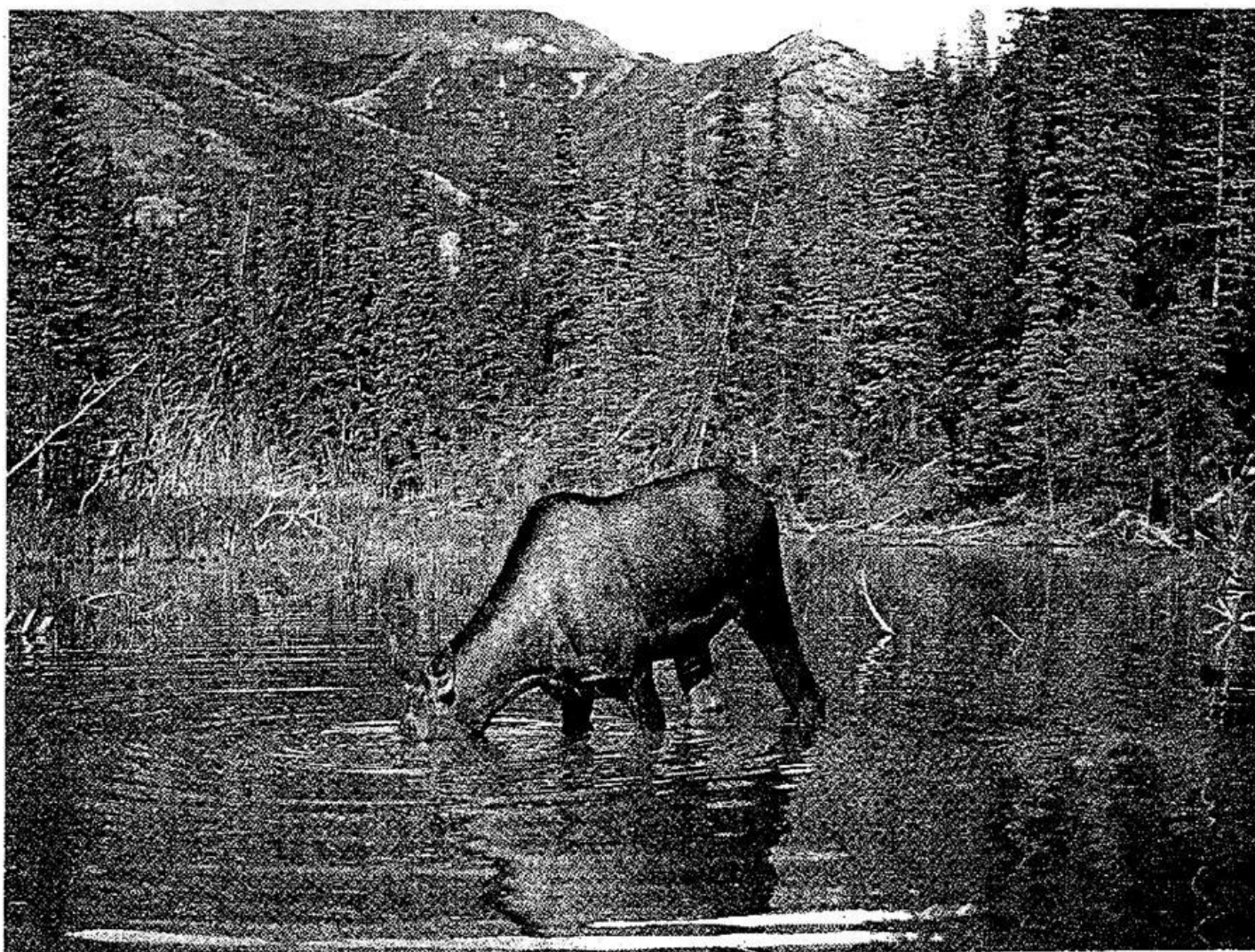
>

If we face death here, it's not the same death we face everyday under your spotlights - if the shadows draw us downwards, it's not 'us' who hits the ground - in these moments we exist only as paint strokes and dizzying views.

Even the things we write lose coherency; what matters is the simple fact of being here, in this place, in this moment, above your cities, beyond your spotlights, beyond the reach of the (not so) long arm of your law.

>

I'm too afraid to write on walls.



Somewhere in the middle

... ένα κτ άτομο

και κάποιας απευκρίνητης ερώτας

ΕΙΜΑΙ ΣΕ ΑΠΟΓΝΩΣΗ

L'instinct de mort

Η ΑΠΟΤΥΧΙΑ

ΜΙΑ ΑΠΟΛΥΤΑ

ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ ΠΡΑΞΗ

(somewhere in the middle/ with pain and query/ and some unfulfilled loves/ I'm in despair/ l'instinct de mort /failure/ a completely political act)

\Stolen from Fokzaret: 'h is for hoplessness, hapiness, h is for house' pisxason@yahoo.gr/



Translation: Vengeance for Zak/Zackie

The bottom left picture is taken from a queer graffiti gang action in Athens, October 2018.

The top left graffiti, and the text below are taken from a communique posted on the act for freedom now! blog [<https://web.archive.org/web/20200327153435/https://actforfree.nostate.net/?p=31572>].

Both images are in response to the murder of queer and HIV positive activist Zak Kostopoulos who was brutally beaten to death in the streets of Omonia (Athens) in the fall of 2018. Zak's death is one of many that gave fire to this zine.

On hearing news of the gruesome murder of Zak Kostopoulos in Athens this week, we were struck with an overwhelming sense of a need to respond. Though we do not know Zak, his awful situation resonates very strongly because we know that this too could be our own fates, the fate of a close friend or lover. In a world that overwhelmingly wants to see more dead queers we recognise this attack for exactly what it is - the continuation of normalised brutality against queer and trans people under the eyes of states which are happy to let us die: be that through the refusal on a structural level to provide adequate treatment for HIV, the criminalisation of HIV positive people, or the actions of individual cops allowing and enabling Zak (and others like him) to be beaten to death.

Not that we want anything from those dirty institutions, simply we want to acknowledge the enemy and the tactics it employees against us; fuck justice and fuck the police - both are the weapons of our enemies and neither of them will ever bring us anything except greater harm; there can never be justice for such a cruel and brutal murder, there can never be justice for Zak.

We want vengeance - vengeance for Zak and the countless others who fall every year to queerphobic and state violence; vengeance against those who carry out these attacks, vengeance against the police who ruin lives everywhere and always, vengeance against the states who oversee it all, and vengeance against the world whose indifference is tantamount to complicity.

Expect to see more escalations soon.

-Some Armed Queers prepared to die-

Tracklist:

Intro/Title Page - Mamiffer - We Speak in the Dark

A.C.A.T - Ghettos/Ghetto - Artillery &/or Suicide

ACAT - CB (7th) - Armed and Ready

ACAT - Skepta - No Security

Marked - Doja Cat - No Police

RIP - Bossy - Piss Glitter

RIP - Nolay - Everybody Die

Shadows - Ragana - You Take Nothing

Shadows/H is for Hopelessness - Fvnerals - Wounds

Vengeance Graffiti - Glass Lungs - Hole

Vengeance Graffiti - G.L.O.S.S - Trans Day of Revenge

Outro/Back Cover - 67 - Bound for Da Reload

Textlist:

- Hostis Volume I - 'A short introduction to the Politics of Cruelty, 'Nice Shit for Everyone', 'There is a Third Thing'
- Hostis Volume II - '5 Theses on the Politics of Cruelty', 'A Letter to the Editors by Mary Nardini Gang', 'No Selves to Abolish '
- Baedan Volumes I, II, III
- Dangerous Spaces
- Lies I - 'Against Innocence', 'To be Liberated From Them (Or Through Them)'
- Lies II - 'Against Gender, Against Society', 'I am Here as a Victim', 'A Disgrace Reserved for Prostitutes', 'Shout to Sissy Girls'
- I don't Bash Back, I Shoot First
- Queer Necropolitics
- Who is Oakland: Anti-Oppression Activism, the Politics of Safety, and State Co-optation
- Another Word for White Ally is Coward
- S.T.A.R: Survival, Revolt, and Queer Antagonist Struggle

Fag Mob - Dead Trannies Division

Arm Trans Women

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Daughters of Carmilla

If your reading this. Then I'm going to die

A joke to make cis feminists uncomfortable whilst
explaining our reality:
How many Trans Women were murdered last year?
None - Trans Women DON'T exist.
A nihilist text on queer relationships and how we
respond to death.

Written by Fag Mob

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